A much approved and favorite

SONG

made on the taking of

GENERAL BURGOYNE.

COME all you gallant Heroes, of Courage true and bold,
Who scorn us long as life does last ever to be controul'd;
Give ear unto my ditty, for I the truth will tell,
Concerning many a soldier who for his country fell.

Brave General Burgoyne from Canada set sail,
With eight thousand brave Regulars, he thought would never fail,
With Indians and Canadians, and Tories as we hear,
Besides a fleet of shipping over Lake Champlain did steer.

Before Ticonderoga, the first day of July,
Their fleet and army did appear and soon we did them spy:
Their motions we observed full well both night and day,
And our brave boys prepared all for a bloody fray.

Our garrisons they viewed and straight their troops did land,
When General St. Clair he came to understand,
That the great Mount Defiance they then would fortify,
He found we must surrender or every man must die.

It was on July fifth that we had order to retreat,
And the next morning left our forts, Burgoyne he thought us beat,
And closely did pursue us, it was near to Hubbard Town,
Our rear guards he defeated, which he thought great renown.

When our Congress came to hear that we our forts had left,
And that we had retreated near Albany to rest;
Brave General Gates they sent us our country to retrieve,
With shouts and acclamations with joy we him receive.

Burgoyne sent out a party of fifteen hundred men,
With Hessians and Canadians came near to Bennington,
With savages and Tories our cattle for to steal,
Commanded by a Tory, they call'd him Colonel Skeen.

Brave Gates our bold commander, hearing of Skeen's conduct,
He sent out a small party his march for to obstruct;
We took all their Artillery and Skeen his fate may mourn,
For of fifteen hundred men scarce five hundred did return.

Burgoyne then finding out that his scemes would not succeed,
He then with his Artillery and army did proceed,
Thinking for to frighten us and make us for to fly,
Soon he found out his mistake, he found we would sooner die.

The fifteenth of September, the morning fair and clear,
Brave Gates he said unto his men, my boys be of good cheer,
Burgoyne he now advances and we will never fly,
But to maintain our country's right we'll fight until we die.

The news was quickly brought us, their army it was near,
And our brave boys did meet them, all without dread or fear;
It was about Still-Water, we met about noon day,
And quickly you shall hear my boys began a bloody fray.

We fought them full six hours like valiant hearts of gold,
Each party scorn'd for to give way, we fought like Britons bold,
Until the leaves with blood were stain'd our General then did cry,
Like Diamond cut Diamond, fight on until we die.

The night being coming on to our lines we did retreat,
Which made the Britons for to think our army it was beat,
But early the next morning they beheld before their eyes,
We were ready to engage again, which did them much surprise.

Then fighting they seem'd tired of, therefore to work they go,
To bury all the dead, and Intrenchments up they throw,
Thinking thereby with shot and shells our army to destroy,
But Gates he kept such orders that he did them defy.

They began a cannonading from every mountain hill,
But our brave boys return'd the same with a right good will;
And then they threw both shot and shells enough to terrify
Our hearts had we been Cæsars, yet neither part would fly.

The great Almighty God he inspired brave Gates's mind,
To send out General Arnold to see if he could find,
A passage through the enemy, and make them for to flee,
Which he at last completed and set our country free.

They burned all their baggage they fled with haste and fear,
And up to Saratoga Burgoyne with his troops did steer;
Brave Gates our bold commander soon after him did hie,
Resolving for to take them or every man to die.

Then soon we overtook them, it was near to Saratogue,
Which they had burnt, as they had done all houses in their road;
The sixteenth of October was forced to capitulate,
Burgoyne and all his army they were our prisoners made,

As for the British soldiers, they fought like hearts of gold,
And scorn'd as long as life does last ever to be controul'd;
But as for the proud Hessians they prov'd cowardly of late,
For they refus'd to fight us, which caused their defeat.

Here's a health unto our army, and our Commander Gates,
To Lincoln and to WASHINGTON but all the tories hate;
Likewise unto the CONGRESS, God send them long to reign,
To do our country justice, our rights for to maintain.

So to conclude my ditty, my song is at an end,
I hope no bold American will slight what I have pen'd,
Our cause is just, in God we trust, therefore my boys ne'er fear,
Brave Gates will clear America before another year.